

THE NOTRE DAME SHOLISTIC

•DISCE•QUASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QUASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•

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A Withered Violet.

FT when the twilight steals across
The arches of the sky,
I loiter where the violets,
Invite the passer-by.

The stillness wakes the cricket's chirp;
The dusk bathes hedge and tree;
And fancy shyly steals within
The land of reverie.

I trudge the meads of long ago,
My lassie by my side.
We saunter through rare, dappled fields
Whose perfumes yet abide.

Among the faint perfumes, I stoop,—
That scent the winds o' night—
And lift a modest, purpled head,
Or one pied quaintly white.

I loose for her the frailest gem
That bends low i' the wheat,
A throb of love is borne along
Our fingers as they meet.

She droops the violet at her throat,
Its purple cup sways there,
Where it is greeted shyly
By a wisp of nut-brown hair.

Above the stars glint in her eyes
And set their wells aglow;
The moon drops touch the nut-brown hair,—
In the night o' long ago.

These shades and scents are real to me—
The hopes of life have set;
The rarest jewel I possess
Is a withered violet:

I love the faded violet,
The wisp of nut-brown hair,—
The twilight lingering on the wheat.
The love nights old—and rare.

Odd Crums.

J. EDWARD HAYES.

HENRY JOHNSON has been in the service of Colonel Morgan for over fifteen years, and as he is a very saving negro, he has considerable money laid by. For years his one ambition in life has been to marry Lucinda Hawkins, the belle of Egypt, as the negro quarter of the town is called. Henry had been keeping company with Lucinda for a long time, but could not muster up sufficient courage to "pop" the all-important question. Several times he had been on the point of asking Lucinda to be his wife, but fearing a refusal, he had always turned the conversation to some matter of fact subject, just when Lucinda was prepared for a proposal. After he had left Lucinda; however, he would be ashamed of himself for his cowardice, and would say:

"Hennery Johnsing, yo's a reglah ole fool." Last Saturday night Henry decided to call on Lucinda and learn his fate, whatever it might be.

"Ef dat gal sez yes I'll be the happiest coon in dis State; but if she sez no—well, I'll take ever' bit o' dat ruff on rats dat I foun' in de kitchen dis mohnin'."

Henry strutted down the street that evening dressed in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting," and smoking a good cigar that the Colonel had given him. When Henry turned into Egypt's main thoroughfare, he saw a sight that made him tremble with rage. There was his Lucinda walking down the street with a strange negro. Henry waited to see no more, but started home. He was determined to end his life, for he could not bear the thought of his Lucinda



being married to another. When he reached his room over the stables, he hastily scrawled a farewell letter to Lucinda, telling her that when she received it he would be a dead man. He took the letter down to the corner and dropped it into the mail-box; he then returned to his room, walked over to the wash-stand, opened one of the powders that lay on it, and swallowed the contents. To make sure of death he took the second powder, and finding them hard to swallow, he took a drink of water to wash the poison down. The next instant Henry gave a yell that would have waked the dead. He frothed at the mouth and tumbled over on the floor. Colonel Morgan came running upstairs, and Henry groaned:

"Oh! Kunnel Mohgan, please sen' foh de doctah. I'm pizoned—I done swallowed ruff on rats. Foh de Lawd; Kunnel, I'se sorry."

Colonel Morgan immediately sent for the doctor, who arrived in a few minutes. After applying the stomach pump, he noticed a blue and a white paper, lying on the floor, and asked Henry what they were.

"Dats de pizon, doctah," replied Henry, who was too sick to speak above a whisper.

"Well you fool nigger, you. Don't you know that you have been taking seidlitz powders?"

Henry's face lost some of its deathly look, when it was explained to him, that seidlitz powders wouldn't kill. He said:

"Dey was layin' in de kitchen dis mohnin' an' Norah 'lowed dey war' ruff on rats, so I tuk dem away befoh de chillun cud get dem."

Early the following morning Lucinda came running over to the Morgan mansion, and excitedly asked about "her poh Hennery." Norah, the cook, informed her that Henry was behind the stables hitching the horses to the carriage. Lucinda, rather surprised at this bit of information, ran joyfully over to him, and after some time explained that the man whom Henry had seen with her was her brother, a well-known jockey from Lexington. When Henry found that Lucinda really cared for him, he proposed then and there. Of course, he was accepted and the wedding is to be next Saturday evening.

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George Warner was one of those young men whom Church members are inclined to call "fast," but who are known to the boys as "good fellows." George would sometimes allow his fondness for wine to overcome his discretion; but for a long time afterwards he would be filled with remorse. About a year

ago, George's club friends noted in him a decided change for the better, and they were not surprised at the news of his engagement to a respected and highly accomplished young lady. The boys at his club gave him a grand "send off" a few evenings before the day of his marriage, and George formally bade farewell to his bachelorhood.

The young couple had been married for nearly a year, and George was such a dutiful husband that his wife began to think that she had married a wingless angel. The novelty of the honey-moon had long passed on George's side, and he often thought how pleasant it would be to spend an evening at the club. After much hesitation he determined to gratify his desire. The boys were very glad to see him, and the night slipped away with few thoughts of what his wife would think of his absence. When he stepped from the cab in front of his door day was breaking. He felt tired; so tired, in fact, that he forgot to invent an excuse to give his wife. He softly climbed the stairs to his room, and opening the door with as little noise as possible, he saw his wife sleeping soundly. He sat down by the side of the bed and began to remove his shoes. Unluckily, however, one fell to the floor, and of course, his wife awoke.

"Why, George," she said, "why are you getting up at this unearthly hour of the morning?"

George steadied his voice as best he could, and replied:

"My dear, I find it impossible to sleep, and I think if I should get up and take a walk, I would feel better."

And so poor George, who was worn out for want of sleep, was compelled to "brace up" for the remainder of the day. He hasn't decided yet whom the joke is on.

Two Bits of Realism.

HARRY V. CRUMLEY.

"Well, it's up to you, Ed," said Mulcrone, as he finished his story.

The dignitaries were in their accustomary places in the northeast corner of Brownson Hall gym. They had been telling stories, and, as Mulcrone said, it was Hayes' turn.

"One night, during last summer's vacation," began Ed, "I was on my way home accompanied by a friend. We had spent the afternoon and the greater part of the evening at Coney

Island, and feeling very much in need of something to eat we dropped into an all-night restaurant. We gave an order for supper and were talking over the pleasures of the day, when a well-dressed young woman of twenty-five or thereabout entered the restaurant, and sat down at the table with us. She, too, ordered supper, and it was not long before the three of us were catering to our appetites.

"The woman finished her meal, got up from the table and went out. Ten minutes later I threw fifty cents on the counter and started for the door.

"Twenty-five cents more, if you please," called the proprietor.

"Twenty-five cents more?"—"Why we had no extras, only a plain supper."

"Very true, but there were three of you. The woman's supper is yet to be paid for."

"I won't pay for it."

"Nor I," put in my companion, "she was not with us."

"But you will pay for it. I've been in the business too long to stand any such game as that. You hand over twenty-five cents more, or I will call for a policeman."

"Rather than suffer any inconvenience I paid the required amount and started out."

"Wait a minute," said my friend, "since we have paid for her supper we may as well take the umbrella and the package she left by her chair."

Going back to the table he took the umbrella and I took the package. When we reached the sidewalk, he sold the umbrella to a boot-blacker for thirty-five cents. After bidding my friend good-night I continued on my way home, with the package under my arm.

"That goes to show," continued Ed, thoughtfully, "what funny things will happen to a fellow in a large city. Come, Harry, you're next."

"Wait a minute, Ed," put in Mulcrone, "what was in the package?"

"Rubber," was the cool reply.

Mulcrone invited the sages over to have lemonade and cakes.

"Well George, I've mailed the letter," said Will Dohan to his room-mate as he tossed his hat on the bed and dropped into a rocking-chair.

"What letter?" asked George, putting aside his newspaper.

"Why, the letter I wrote to Miss Cordesman.

You know her father refused to sanction our marriage, and even went as far as to forbid my calling at the house. Clara, however, persisted in seeing me, and as a result we have since met twice a week in the reading-room of the public library. It was at one of these meetings that we planned a secret marriage. I was to have a horse and buggy in waiting, and at exactly fifteen minutes to twelve on the night of April the first, I was to meet Clara at the kitchen door of her home. April the first was last night, you know. I made all the necessary arrangements yesterday afternoon, and at eleven o'clock was on my way to Clara's home. Fortune favored me, for the night was pitch dark. Tying the horse to a tree about a hundred yards from the house, I proceeded cautiously along the fence for some distance and then cut across the lawn to the kitchen door. It was half past eleven, and thinking Clara might also be a little early, I called in a low voice: "Clara, Clara." There was a whispered answer, and after groping around in the dark for a few minutes we found each other and started for the buggy. Helping Clara in I climbed in beside her and drove rapidly toward the parsonage. We were so completely absorbed in our thoughts, that not a word was spoken by either of us during the ride.

The parson opened the door for us, and we entered the cozy parlor. When the light of the lamp fell on my companion's face, I turned, rushed out of the room, jumped into the buggy, grasped the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and drove away into the night. The poor girl's despairing cries of "Bill, Bill come back, come back," still ring in my ears.

"There now, you know the whole story. Never mind, my letter will soon bring her to her senses. The idea of putting a fellow in such an embarrassing position at such an hour of the night, in order that she might perpetrate an April fool's joke! I am angry over it, and I told her in my letter that from now on we would be strangers. Every time I think of it—"

"Dohan," called out the postman from the floor below. Will, broke off the conversation and went down to get his mail.

"Who is it from?" asked George, when Will returned with a letter in his hand.

"It's from Clara."

"An apology, I suppose," put in George.

"I'll read it," replied Will, "but that is all."

After he had reached the signature he gave a long whistle and looked blankly at his friend.

In a few minutes he recovered somewhat from his astonishment, and, asking his room-mate to listen, he began to read a passage from the letter.

"We reached the parsonage, and I was surprised on entering the parlor to find Clara, our cook, sitting in one of the large arm-chairs crying as if her heart would break. Imagine my astonishment when I turned to speak to you and beheld instead a total stranger. By this time the girl had seen us, and rushing up to my companion, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him passionately on the cheek, all the time sobbing, "O Bill! O Bill! I thought you had run off and left me."

"A short time after I was witness to the marriage of Mr. William Michael McSweeney, ex-policeman, and Miss Clara Jane McCarty, cook. After the ceremony, Mr. McSweeney drove us back to the house. The girl and myself went quietly to our respective rooms after having promised to keep the affair a secret."

Will stopped reading, and muttered something about wishing he hadn't sent the letter.

An Affable Gentleman.

DORRANCE D. MYERS.

After arranging my classes I was told to look up the Professor of Romance Languages. I found him strolling up and down the porch enjoying the company of a cigarette the size of a cigar. I approached him and said:

"Good-morning, Professor."

He looked up blandly and removed the cigarette from his mouth.

"Ah! Brown," he said, shaking hands with me, "when did you come back?"

"Oh! I rolled in last night."

"That is very good. Are you going to take third French again?"

"Yes, Professor, if you will promise to give me ninety every examination."

"Ah! that is fine. I will give you a hundred if you do good work; if you don't, I will give you thirteen. Yes, Brown, you are a good student," he continued meditatively, "but you don't know how to study third French."

"All right Professor, I understand then that I am sure of a hundred if I study?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, Professor, be sure and remember your promise." He laughed suavely, and, relighting his cigarette, resumed his stroll.

A Modern Knight.

JOHN F. MORRISSEY.

Jack Randolph lounged lazily in his big arm-chair before the open grate; for the night was cold, and the cheerful fire did not seem any too warm, if one listened to the piercing north wind that whistled round the building, and rattled the shutters on the blinds.

Jack held a responsible position as cashier of the First National Bank. He was one of those manly, moral young fellows who soon establish themselves in the good graces of the business public and are so much sought after by shrewd business men. Randolph was possessed of a good education, too, being a graduate of Cornell University. As he sat gazing into the grate, his mind wandered from the tedious scenes of his busy life to the pleasures of the years that he had spent at college. The thoughts were evidently pleasing ones, for a smile oftentimes played round the corners of the handsome mouth.

Of a sudden, however, a cloud passed over his face, and rousing himself he walked across the room and looked out of the window into the cold night. Below in the street little snow-flurries chased one another down the pavement and sleigh-bells rang out melodiously on the crisp air,—tinkling pleasures to the gay and light of heart—overhead the stars twinkled in the black vault of the heavens. Jack for a time forgot the things that so worried him, and watched in a listless manner the happy people that were being quickly whirled by his window. He wondered if they were all as gay as they appeared; and as he meditated in this way, he recrossed the room and sank again into the big upholstered rocker before the fire. As he lay back with his feet on the fender, his eyes lit on a picture standing on the mantel above. Long and thoughtfully he gazed upon it, and then he muttered: "Yes, that's she." His eyes sought the other end of the mantel, and there likewise they rested long and thoughtfully upon a picture. After awhile Jack muttered again: "Yes, that's the other she." He let his fancy have sway, and wandered, in dream-life, over the past; but when he thought of one, the other would intrude. Then he started in to argue with himself the old question "Which one do I—" but just as he reached this point a knock sounded on the door, and the question, as usual, was left unanswered.

Stories after The Persian.

FRANCIS P. DORIAN.

The miners sat round the old stove in the tavern listening to stories which each one told in turn. Jim was next in order; he put his Henry Clay on a card-table near by, passed his rough hand across his smooth, bald head, and began his story. Jim had a pleasing way of telling a yarn and everyone listened to him attentively. When he reached the most interesting part, the door of the tavern opened and a stranger entered. None of the miners looked round as each one was absorbed in Jim's story.

"When we awoke in the morning," concluded Jim, refilling his pipe, "we were entirely covered with snow. However, there was a camp near by, and we borrowed some shovels and dug ourselves out."

At this point the stranger walked over to Jim and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Say, old man, I've heard that tale before."

Jim jumped up in great surprise, and looked intently at the stranger.

"Are you really Professor Hill, or am I dreaming?"

"I am Professor Hill; but who are you?"

"Well, well, Professor, I am really surprised and pleased to see you away out here. Don't you remember Jim Manning?"

"Why yes, to be sure I remember Jim quite well; but surely you are not he. He is a young man, yet, while you are bald from age."

"Not from age, Professor. You see when I was in that class of yours I pulled my hair a great deal and loosened it somewhat. As a result, after I had witnessed a few hair-raising tragedies out here, my hair, instead of standing on end, as well ordered hair usually does, came all the way out, and after hearing half a dozen good stories I became as bald as a New York broker. They are not all gone yet, however," added Jim as he smoothed down a few stray hairs that clung to the back of his head. "Come up, boys, and drink at my expense. Don't you drink, Professor? Shall you have a cigar then? By the way, Professor, which is correct in this case 'shall' or 'will?' 'Will.' Well a person can not be expected to remember those things forever."

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Grace had been sitting in the parlor for some time. She tried to read, but could not. George had said he would come to see her that after-

noon; but it was now past the appointed time. She knew that he had something important to say, because it was the first time he had ever asked to call in the afternoon. She began to grow uneasy. Aunt Mary would be back at four o'clock, and most likely she would—the door bell rang.

When George was shown into the parlor, Grace was apparently reading. He was young and was very much in love, so he did not try to excuse his tardiness, thinking she would understand. Grace, however, was perverse, and she resolved to teach him a lesson. With the tact usually displayed by love-lorn youths, George went straight to his subject.

"Do you know, Grace, that I am thinking of getting married?"

"No, I did not know it," Grace answered, demurely, "I suppose your intended bride is pretty."

George could expand on this topic indefinitely, and began to grow enthusiastic.

"Yes, she is the prettiest girl I know—she has light hair, blue eyes, a classic nose and—"

"Why, George," she broke in reproachfully, "it can not be my intended mother-in-law."

"Your intended mother-in-law!"

"Yes, didn't you know that I shall soon have a mother-in-law?" I have been engaged for some time. Not going already?" she asked in real surprise.

"Yes, I—I have an engagement."

After he had gone, Grace did not know whether to laugh or be angry; it was so ridiculous. That evening before retiring she wrote him a note saying that he might call the next afternoon as she had something to explain; and then with a light heart she fell asleep.

The next morning she was surprised to receive a letter with the Chicago post-mark on it. She looked at the writing on the envelope and then at the post-mark. She was acquainted with no one in Chicago; but she had seen the writing before. She took special notice of the formation of the street number; there was only one person that she knew who wrote it that way and he was,—yes, the letter was from George. She eagerly tore the missive open, and read:

MISS GRACE:—I am sorry that I can not call to see you this afternoon. I received a telegram last night stating that my intended wife was very ill. I think it queer that your intended mother-in-law should look so much like you; but that is all over now. Wishing to be remembered to her, I—

She did not finish the letter, for George came bouncing into the room, and the curtain falls.

A Round up in Montana.

ROBERT P. BROWN.

There are Others.

JOHN E. HAYES.

On the great cattle ranges it is the custom to gather the cattle together about twice a year for the purpose of branding them. These "round ups" also give the various owners opportunities to ascertain the number of cattle that belongs to them; for owing to the absence of boundaries on the plains it is impossible to keep cattle in assigned limits.

In the spring each rancher sends out a number of cow-boys, who are instructed to drive by a certain time all the cattle they can find toward a common centre. A vast herd of wild animals is thus collected; these are kept moving in a circle until all arrangements for branding are completed. As there are usually twenty or thirty thousand head of cattle in a "round up," the herd is not corralled without great danger to the cow-boys, who often, while trying to prevent escapes, are compelled to expose themselves and their horses to the vicious attacks of enraged bulls. After the cattle become somewhat used to their new surroundings the foremen of the different ranches represented take charge of the branding. When the animals are quiet, several of the most expert among the cow-boys ride in, and separate the cattle to be branded from the herd. A slit is always cut in the animal's ear at the time it is branded. This makes it easy for the cow-boys to see at a glance the animals that need branding. The young calves belong to the ranchers who own its mother.

In the meantime, the distracted cows run from side to side lowing for their young, and here and there fierce duels take place between rival bulls that lock their long, sharp horns and gore each other viciously. Unless separated they will fight for hours, tearing up the turf in their fury and filling the air with their deep, savage bellowings. These sounds, with the yells and deafening shouts of the men galloping about the plain and shooting their revolvers, make one think one is in a battle.

On the whole, a round up is very dangerous work for man and horse; but it is intensely exciting. I have often wondered how the cow-boys escape injury. They are always exposed to the attacks of the maddened animals, and in danger of being gored by the "long horns." They do not seem to mind the danger, however, but are usually on the look out for excitement.

Silas Granger rose from his chair, and after stretching himself a few yards, walked over toward the hotel desk. He had been looking out of the plate-glass window in the lobby thinking over the advice which the boys down at the village store had given him in connection with confidence men. Having determined that he was in no immediate danger, he inquired the way to Woodlawn Avenue and set out to find his city cousins.

He had arrived in Chicago the night before and still carried an appreciable amount of Swamptown mud on his number eleven boots as a result. He had not gone more than a block before he was accosted by half-a-dozen bootblacks who tried to make him see the many reasons why he should have his boots shined, but he turned them off, saying he "'lowed them 'ar boots war'n't none the worse fur a speck o' mud." Finally, he boarded a car for Woodlawn Avenue, and, after paying his fare, settled back in the seat to enjoy the ride.

An old gentleman sitting beside him, promised to tell him when they arrived at Woodlawn Avenue. After they had gone some distance, the old gentleman glanced up from his paper, said, "Here's Woodlawn," and went on again with his reading. The car was directly opposite Woodlawn Avenue, but it did not slacken its speed in the least. The conductor's back was turned, and Si, not knowing of the electric buttons on the side of the car, reached up and seized a rope. Unluckily it was the fare-register, and he rang up six fares before the conductor came along the running board. Si began to abuse him roundly, for not stopping the car when he rang the bell; and the conductor tried to make Si understand that he owed thirty cents. Si said some very unkind things concerning himself in case he should pay a red cent. The conductor stopped the car at the next corner, and calling a big policeman over threatened to have Si arrested.

Si finally thought it best to pay the thirty cents, but he did not in the least understand the transaction. He walked down the street with vindictive steps, growling that "The blamed perlice and street kyars ar' in cahoots to buncos trangers. They make ye pay a nickel to ride on their blamed kyars, and bulldoze ye into payin' thirty cents to let ye get off."

Who Owned the Hog?

ROBERT A. KROST.

Deacon Brown was a long, lanky "cracker" who was leader among the Methodists of Duncan, Florida. The best friend he had was Liege Barr, an enthusiastic member of the Zion Baptist Church. When not engaged in talking religion the two friends passed their time breeding "razorbacks," as the half-wild hogs of Florida are called.

"Razorbacks" are always permitted to run wild, and as most of the State is sparsely settled, they have a large amount of ground over which to roam. The only means the owners have of identifying these hogs is a mark burned or cut into the brute's ear.

Deacon Brown and Liege Barr each had a hog which was much heavier than "razorbacks" usually are. One day about the middle of March, a time when fishing is very poor in Florida, Deacon Brown began to yearn after something more delicious than hoe-cakes and Arbuckles coffee. After much meditation he decided to kill his fat hog; however, before he could do so he had to find it. He discovered the razorback after a pretty long search, and started home leading the hog by a rope. He was just leaving the pine woods, which surround the village, when he met his friend Liege.

"Howde?" said Liege, "who told you I was looking for my hog? It is very kind of you deacon to bring him in from the woods."

"Why, this is my hog," said the deacon, "can't you see the 'B' burned into his ear."

"Get out, I remember when I burned that 'B' in myself," said Liege, "I think you are an old thief; but nothing better could be expected of a Methodist."

"And your actions prove what I always suspected, that all Baptists are robbers and liars," Deacon Brown replied hotly.

This conversation was the cause of all kinds of trouble in the village; for most of the people were either Methodists or Baptists. The men fought, the women talked, and the negroes kept out of the way, for they knew the times were not safe.

During the excitement, the hog, the cause of all this trouble, was in the possession of Deacon Brown. No one can imagine how the matter would have ended had it not been cleared up in the following manner:

Mr. Blake, a citizen of a near-by town, drove into the village one morning and hitched his team of oxen to a tree. He then went to a general store, and while making a few purchases asked the news. He was told of the trouble, and being an inquisitive man he wished to see the hog. When it was shown to him he said:

"Why that's my hog."

Such proved to be the case, and so the ownership of the hog was settled; but it was a long time before the religious war ended.

"Kinkie."

THOMAS J. GRAHAM.

"Kinkie" was his name; at least everyone called him that; whether it were his real name or not nobody knew, and, for that matter, nobody cared. "Kinkie" had been born a slave, and when he was about six years old his father and mother had been sold at auction in New Orleans. Some years later the Civil War broke out, and at its close "Kinkie," following the example of many of his brethren, set out in search of his parents.

Though born to a life of hard labor, "Kinkie" was possessed of one accomplishment which circumstances could not affect. Almost as soon as he could talk he showed a fondness for music, and his plantation melodies had delighted the susceptible hearts of the slaves. When he set out to find his parents he was enabled to pay his way by means of his voice, and it was at last instrumental in crowning his efforts with success.

One day while "Kinkie" was singing at a street corner, he was accosted by a well-dressed man who had been attracted by his voice and had stopped to listen. He informed "Kinkie" that he was manager of a comedy company and was looking for negroes with good voices to sing during one of the scenes. "Kinkie" was delighted with his good fortune and readily agreed on terms.

When "Kinkie" arrived at the theatre that night rehearsal was out of the question, so the manager told him that when his turn came he should sing any plantation melody that he knew. The scene in which "Kinkie" was to appear came in the last act, and he was a trifle nervous when he took his place among the negroes. He was the last to sing, and when his turn came he sang one of the songs

he had learned on the plantation. During the first verse an old negro woman, who had been gazing at "Kinkie" while his companions were singing, became greatly excited, and when the curtain went down she tried to make her way to the stage. The thunderous applause of the audience showed that "Kinkie's" song was appreciated, and the curtain was rung up again. Three times was "Kinkie" encored and when he appeared the fourth time he determined to do his best, and began to sing "My Old Kentucky Home." At the end of the first verse he commenced the chorus,

"Weep no mo', my lady, weep no mo' to-day,

Fo' we'll sing one song fo' the old Kentucky home," but he got no further. "'Kink', my "Kink,'" he heard some one say behind him, and he turned round just in time to catch an old negro woman in his arms. The curtain was rung down in a hurry, and the audience, after an appreciative burst of applause, went home commenting on "Kinkie's" singing, little dreaming that his songs had found his mother.

Jimmie Fagan's Goat.

Jimmie Fagan's billy goat was not a thing of beauty, but, as Jimmie said, "he was a butter wad could butt." Jimmie had trained the goat to do many tricks one of which was to butt anybody that happened to make use of the word "but" in the goat's presence. After awhile the goat knew the word so well that everyone in the Fagan neighborhood avoided its use.

Dan Fagan, Jimmie's uncle, was an alderman, and every once in awhile he paid his kinsfolk a visit. Dan knew of the goat and he had also heard of the trick Jimmie had taught it; but as he had never seen the goat perform he used the word "but" as often as he saw fit.

One day Dan was holding a conversation with the elder Fagan about a coming election. They were standing near a pool of water while the goat was nibbling tin cans and kindred delicacies a few feet away.

"I tell you it's this way Jim" Dan was saying, "I have all of my own nationality on my side, but."

The word was hardly uttered when there was a scramble, a dull thud, and Dan Fagan left the ground and sailed through the air into the duck pond. It is needless to say that he foreswore the use of this trouble-breeding word in the future.

Wheat Rust.

GEORGE J. LINS.

The wheat disease, popularly known as wheat rust, is among the commonest and most widely spread of all plant diseases. Wheat rust is itself a plant, and belongs to a large class of plants known in botany as fungi. Since the wheat rust lives upon the stems and leaves of other plants and derives its nourishment from them, it is called a parasite.

Agriculturists note reddish patches on the stems of the wheat in its early stages of development; these are given the name of "rust." In autumn it may be observed that the reddish spots have assumed a decidedly black color; they are then called "mildew." These reddish and black spots are different stages of development of this parasitic form of fungus.

There are two kinds of wheat rust, one termed uredo rubigo-vera, the other uredo linearis. Both are followed by a puccinia; the first by puccinia rubigo-vera, and the second by puccinia graminis. In botany the rust is termed uredo and the mildew puccinia.

Rubigo-vera, or spring rust, may be found in its early or uredo state in March, April and May, while linearis or summer rust is seldom seen before June or July.

Uredo rubigo-vera is less prevalent and generally less injurious than uredo linearis; the latter plays a much more important part from an economic point of view. The losses suffered by farmers through the presence of wheat rust have sometimes reached fifty per cent., and even seventy per cent., of the whole wheat crop. Where there should have been forty or fifty bushels garnered, only twenty bushels have been harvested, and in some rare cases only twelve bushels.

Uredo linearis appears on the wheat stems in the form of yellow specks. These specks are due to the presence of numerous spores called in botanical language, uredospores. As the wheat matures, the uredospores turn black, and are called teleutospores. The teleutospores lie dormant on the wheat straw and stubs until the following spring.

Germination is hastened by the absorption of moisture, and a promycelium—a mass of delicate, hair-like organs—is produced. Sack-like vesicles, known as sporidia, are born on the promycelium. These sporidia are set free and carried by currents of air to the leaves of

barberry bushes where the sporidia germinate, enter the leaf, and produce a mycelium. These are filamentous organs which ramify through the intervals that exist between the component parts of a leaf, called intercellular spaces, and absorb nourishment from the cells. After a time the mycelium send hyphæ—branches of the mycelium—through the stomata of the leaf. Cup-like, fructifying organs then appear on these hyphæ, and in these little cups, there are formed multitudes of small, rounded, yellow or orange-colored spores which are scattered by the wind. These spores do not germinate on the barberry; but those which are carried to the wheat develop hyphæ, which penetrate to the interior of the plant, and after a time produce the rust-like patches.

—
“Not in It.”
—

—
ALFRED J. RICHON.
—

John Appleyard had been a naughty boy, and, as a matter of form, had received a severe whipping from his mother. During the rest of the day John was very sullen and disagreeable; so disagreeable, in fact, that although he would laugh and exchange jokes with his sister and grandmother, he would not say a word to his mother. Even at dinner when she asked him if he did not want a third piece of pie he bowed his head resolutely and remained silent, although the great struggle he was making was apparent.

That evening when John was climbing the stairs on his way to bed, he laughed softly to himself: “I’ll get even with her now.” When he knelt down to pray his mother listened and heard him say: “Please, look out for grandma, grandpa, papa and sister.” Then he got up and said to his astonished mother: “There, you isn’t in it.”

—
Farewell.
—

One night in May, long, long ago,
The stars blinked in the sky,
She idly swung upon the gate
And blushed a last good-bye.

Her hand lay warm within my own,
A tear lay in her eye,
For we—we two—were quite alone,
And sad the word,—good-bye.

She raised her face, I bent my head,
Our lips met in a sigh;
One jealous star bent low to see,
And fell across the sky.

I dearly love a night in May,
Content to sit and sigh,
Now that I have no rosy lips
To whisper, “Love, good-bye.” G. J. LINS;

Books and Magazines.

—*The Ladies’ Home Journal* for the present month is attractive, not only by reason of the handsome design—a May-pole surrounded by dancing youths and maidens—that illuminates its cover, but because the matter within is alive with discussions of intense interest to its *clientèle*. Its principal feature, from a literary point of view, is Anthony Hope’s new romance, “The Countess Emilia,” which is begun in this number and which promises to be one of the most popular works of this gifted author. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford writes on the “Anecdotal side of George Washington”—a series of paragraphs, profusely illustrated, that present the Father of his Country in a new and interesting light. “Helen Keller as She Really Is” brings before us a picture of the work doing by this remarkably clever girl, who, deprived of sight and hearing, is making, with the assistance of her devoted teacher, Miss Sullivan, wonderful progress in the development of her mind. The departments continue to be of interest. “The Prettiest Country Homes in America,” a series of pictures, can not but raise the standard of artistic arrangement in the mind of the progressive architect. The *Journal* is, without doubt, the best of the women’s magazines that we have seen.

—The *Medical Record*, for April 22d contains much excellent reading-matter and many helpful hints for the practitioner. Each issue, in fact, is timely, and the reader of this journal is able to keep abreast of the development of the very progressive science of medicine.

The author of “Salicylic Acid In the treatment of Pneumonia,” while he does not claim infallibility for the drug in the treatment of this dreadful “benignant disease,” offers his own successful use of it in a great number of cases, and gives ground of hope that it may be regarded very soon, as a specific for this malady. Doctor Gray gives a series of ten illustrative cases, which, though not scientifically conclusive, go far to establish the surgical treatment of general peritonitis. His experience is certainly sufficient to recommend a general trial of his treatment and it seems very evident that we must look to surgery for relief in this disease. The therapeutic value of the X-Ray is well discussed in an editorial from which it seems not only surgery, but therapeutics is to be greatly benefited by the rays.

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H. P. BARRY,
HENRY S. FINK, } Reporters.

—Very Reverend President Morrissey has been invited to deliver, on May 24, the address to the graduates of Rush Medical College.

—The students should at once begin their preparation for the final examinations, which will be held June 12-14. Those whose records heretofore have been satisfactory should still persevere in their good work and crown the labors of the year with a brilliant examination; those who, in the past tests, were weak and unsuccessful should make a grand, final effort to win in this last chance the goal of every student's ambition,—the prize of promotion.

—To-night and Monday night will be held the preliminary contests in oratory. This year we are fortunate in having a body of speakers that has never been equalled at Notre Dame, and, on this account, the final contest on the 31st of May will necessarily be close and exciting. To win the medal, or even an honorable place in the contest, means close attention to the work and careful preparation before the final event; and the SCHOLASTIC urges the contestants to be resolute in their endeavor to make the Oratorical Contest of '99 the best in

the history of Notre Dame. In connection with this we would also remind the elocutionists of the 26th of May, when they will measure their strength on the stage of Washington Hall. We would also warn the graduates that the 15th of May is the last day for handing in Prize and Graduation essays.

—The students of Notre Dame are never happier than when listening to an address from Bishop Spalding; and when it was learned that, owing to stress of work, the distinguished and scholarly prelate of Peoria, could not speak to us earlier in the year, there was intense disappointment felt throughout the campus. We are glad to announce, however, that Bishop Spalding has consented to deliver the Commencement Oration, and we congratulate the Class of '99 on their good fortune; for there can be no better ending to college life than the voice of a man like Bishop Spalding ringing in the graduates' ears.

—All honor to Professor Carmody and his debating team! All honor to Sherman Steele, Matthew Schumacher and Harry Barry! By a vote of two to one the judges of the debate between the Universities of Indianapolis and Notre Dame, our men were declared winners. This is our first attempt in debating, and we have reason to be proud of our victory, which is the greatest, perhaps, Notre Dame has ever won. Being strangers in the land of oratory, we knew not, until Tuesday night, our own strength. Now we have been tested, and the result is not merely satisfactory but exceedingly gratifying. We have conquered debaters whose experience is broad, whose victories are numerous, and whose fame is widespread. Our men won, because they themselves, striving with all the energies of their souls and all the forces of their minds, were bound to win, and because their training was severe, constant, and persistent. Their victory is all the greater because their opponents are men of marked ability and trained capacity. In the name of the debating team, the SCHOLASTIC extends grateful acknowledgments to the students and faculty of the University of Indianapolis, for the kind and generous treatment they received while there, and hopes that the kindly relations entered into between the two institutions will be continued for the future advantage of both.

The Debate.



SHERMAN STEELE.

part of Notre Dame, who insisted that the advisability did not enter into the question. He established the ground on which the negative stood throughout the debate, and neither the eloquence of Van Nuys nor the running fire of Hobbs were effectual in overthrowing his position.

Van Nuys and Hobbs followed in order for the affirmative. Though very forcible speakers, especially Van Nuys, their arguments were not close to the question, and, like those of the first speaker, tended to show that disarmament was to the best interests of the nations, and that arbitration has been in the past and in the future could be used with success.

For the negative, Schumacher went at arbitration with hammer and tongs, showing that a court-arbitration could neither be established, nor operated successfully, if established. He showed, moreover, that certain questions were not adapted for arbitration,—such as questions of honor and principle.

Barry closed for the negative, attacking vociferously the



MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER.

phrase "under existing conditions," and heaping argument upon argument against the feasibility of disarmament until the affirmative was completely overwhelmed.

If there was any doubt left in the minds of the judges or audience concerning the infeasibility of the scheme, it was completely removed by the rebuttal speech of Steele, who gave the affirmative no quarter. He exposed their fallacies so clearly that the devices of Hobbs' closing rebuttal were totally ineffectual, and the debate was won for the negative.

The debate was an exceptionally spirited one, and exhibited logic and skill on both sides. A unique feature of the evening was the kindly feeling shown by the Indianapolis students toward the visiting team. In the absence of rooters for Notre Dame, they learned and gave the "Varsity" yell, and failed not to applaud when occasion offered.

The victory was one of which Notre Dame may well be proud, and which gives an impetus to future debating.



HARRY P. BARRY.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Within the space of a few weeks, Professor Green, of the Electrical Department, has been so successful in his experiments with wireless telegraphy that considerable interest has been aroused thereby in scientific circles throughout the country. He followed with lively curiosity the experiments made in Europe by Marconi and Ducretet, and decided to test, here at home, the efficacy of the theories advanced by the inventor of the new telegraphy. Accordingly, he had constructed an apparatus, necessarily crude, that was merely intended to answer the purposes of a class demonstration. At first he tried to telegraph from one room to another in Science Hall, and he succeeded. Next he telegraphed across the campus from Science Hall to Sorin Hall. Later he extended the distance, and sent messages as far as St. Mary's Academy. His success was so gratifying that, a few days later, he telegraphed to the stand pipe at South Bend, a distance of over two miles. By this time his experiments began to be talked of, and the daily papers published extensive reports of his work. These facts led the Chicago *Tribune* to invite Professor Green to Chicago to test the conditions that obtain in a large city. With one of his students, Mr. Albert Kachur, who has worked with Professor Green from the beginning of his experiments, he went to

Chicago on the 22d of April, and in three days he proved, after one failure, that messages can be sent through the air without wires for a considerable distance even in a large city, where the electrical conditions are as antagonistic as possible.

The *Western Electrician* of Chicago, in its issue of April 29, has the following editorial comments on Prof. Green and his experiments:

The test made in this city on Saturday was one of the most difficult that could have been devised, not only on

account of the disturbing elements of a large city, but also because the apparatus employed was crude and the experimenter was hardly familiar with it; moreover, the time allowed for making the preparations for the test was exceedingly limited. Under the circumstances, absolute failure would not have been surprising, but no one anticipated that the initial exhibition would prove as satisfactory as it really did.... The instruments used in the Chicago experiments were hastily constructed in a college laboratory, and were not intended for such service as that to which they were applied.... Professor Green should feel encouraged by the success he has attained, and American experimenters should attack the problem in their usual energetic manner.



PROFESSOR JEROME J. GREEN.

Professor Green is a graduate in Electrical Engineering of the Ohio State University, and after considerable practical experience at the World's Fair in Chicago and elsewhere was appointed head of the Electrical Department of the University three years ago. His success in these tests has been greater than that of any other scientist in America, and with improved apparatus and experience, there is no doubt that he will achieve far better results.

Exchanges.

The *Buff and Blue* for March contains a number of good stories and essays. "The Drought in Egypt" is especially worthy of notice on account of its originality and treatment. "That Corner Grocery" is an interesting story in which the dialogue is natural. The *Buff and Blue* would be improved, we think, did original verse occupy the space now given to quotations.

**

"An Oriental Drama" in *The University Cynic* is up to the *Cynic's* standard,—by no means a low one. "Cynic Verse" is, as usual, of a high order. To us this column is interesting; for in it we find some of the best college verse. In this issue "Trifles" is especially good.

**

"To Him That Waits," in the *Columbia Literary Monthly* for May, is a story of more than common interest. "Aunt Anne" is almost a well-drawn character, and most certainly a pathetic one. One almost wishes her son had obtained light rather than darkness. Though the story may be true to life, it seems "Aunt Anne" struggles vainly against fate. In the same number "The Personal Element in Gray" is a paper of much merit. Just what the author means by "the impersonal quality of truth" is not clear to us. An author's creation is true, we believe, in so far as it agrees with the pre-conceived idea of it in his soul. "The Hunting of the Snark" is a well-told story.

**

We take pleasure in welcoming the *Amherst Literary Monthly* to our list of exchanges. The April number, which begins a new volume, is very interesting. Mechanically, the *Monthly* is neat and pleasing. The sketch seems to be the favorite form in this number, and receives better treatment than is given the verse-form. "Concerning Beauty" is rather short, and, as a consequence, seems to lack finish, though, on the whole, it is a good paper. It is hard to find a reason for the author's use of "we" in such an article. Certainly the expression of his opinions is weakened by its use. "The Treasure Trove of Peck's Island" is hindered in movement by the introduction of unnecessary description. To the reader such a bit as "The breeze blew softly across the bay and the birches wave their hands as it passed over the island," seems to detract interest from the figures on the island, whom the story concerns.

Personal.

—Mrs. Shipley of Tipton, Iowa, visited her son of the Minim Department recently.

—Mr. and Mr. Landgraf of Chicago were visiting their son of Carroll Hall on Tuesday last.

—Mrs. J. A. Tompkins of Trenton, Ontario, Canada, visited Notre Dame during the past week.

—John H. Welch of Niagara Falls, N. Y., student '82-'85, visited his *Alma Mater* last Sunday.

—George S. Madden of Brownson Hall, is entertaining his mother, who resides at Mendota, Illinois.

—Mr. W. L. Clark of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited his two sons in St. Edward's Hall recently.

—The Reverend Joseph Gormley, Huntington, W. Va., was a guest of the University on Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wagner called at the University last week to see their son of St. Edward's Hall.

—During the past week, Mrs. M. Dukette of Mendon, Michigan, has been the guest of her son, Frank Dukette.

—Mrs. Irvin, Muncie, Indiana, spent a few days at the University last week, the guest of her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—The Misses Emma, Clara and Stella Steiner of Monroe, Mich., visited Mr. Thomas D. Steiner of Sorin Hall during the past week.

—Mr. W. Winter of Pittsburg was the guest of his son of Brownson Hall last week. Mr. Winter was accompanied by Mr. Beyer of Chicago.

—Mr. R. L. Downey (student '77-'78), who was a famous twirler and leader in athletics in Carroll Hall in his day, is now engaged in the roofing business in New Orleans.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cooney of Chicago spent a few days last week at the University, the guests of their son of Carroll Hall. They were accompanied by Mr. D. Kelly of Chicago.

—Reverend George Rahtz, Batavia, Ill., was a welcome visitor at the University last week. Father Rahtz was accompanied by Mr. J. R. Dolan of Chicago, who entered his son in Carroll Hall.

—Brother Paul, Secretary of the University, was called suddenly to Minneapolis last week on account of the death of his father. Brother Paul has the sympathy of the faculty and students in his affliction.

—Right Rev. Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Texas, and Reverend Edward Dunne of Chicago have the sympathy of the faculty and students in the loss of their father, whose death occurred last Thursday. May he rest in peace!

Reception Tendered President Morrissey.

The Philopatrians held a reception in the University parlors last Wednesday evening in honor of the return of Father Morrissey from Europe. Many members of the faculty were present. Mr. Rush opened the entertainment with a piano solo—Schumann's "Traumerie." Mr. Stanton gave a humorous recitation entitled "The Gripper." Mr. Krupka played selections from Dancla on the violin. Mr. A. Bender sang Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria," Professor McLaughlin accompanying him on the piano and Mr. McCormack on the violin. For encore he sang "Home, Sweet Home." A humorous sketch, "Shall our Mother's Vote," was given by Messrs. Schoonover, Higgins, McDonald, Morgan, Moxley, Clyne, Bloch, Brennan, McDonald, Fink, Putnam and McGrath. Father Morrissey made the closing remarks. The society later repaired to the Carroll Hall dining-room, where refreshments were served by Solari.

On Sunday last the pupils of St. Edward's Hall entertained the President of the University in their reception hall. There was a programme of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and a beautiful poetic address. All present testified to the pleasure they experienced in being the guests of the Minims; and among them none was more delighted than Father Morrissey himself who was thus welcomed home after visiting the various educational institutions of the old world.

Local Items.

— The following telegram, received from Manager Ragan Thursday evening, speaks for itself:

LAFAYETTE, IND., May 4, 1890.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.—Notre Dame, 10; Purdue, 5. Gibson has 14 struck out.—RAGAN.

— Wednesday afternoon the Rev. President treated the little fellows of St. Edward's Hall.

— Maloney to Prof. (dictating examination questions): "Not so fast—I can't stand prosperity."

— The Botany Class will be taken out next week to gather dandelions. It is high time they should do it, if we are to have a mess of greens.

— If "a dark horse" is not met with in our next meet it will not be Baldwin's fault. He has one in training for the potato and sack race—great results are expected.

— Lost—Two phonography note-books, one

with Latin notes, the other with notes on Constitutional History. Finder, please return them to St. John O'Sullivan, Room 52, Sorin Hall.

— The Staff picture has been swung in Sorin Hall corridor, and many sightseers pause long, and attentively look upon the firm face of Jim Murphy, or the heroic smile that is entirely absent from John Fennessey's cherubic countenance.

— Let all the Tennis players turn out and try to make the Varsity team. A tournament with the University of Chicago may be held on our court on Decoration Day. Manager Eggenian is working hard for it, and it seems more than a probability.

— On May 30, there will be a great dual track meet between Sorin and Brownson Halls. Let us get all possible enthusiasm around in the events, and try to make the meet what those of the old days were when Jewett and Fitzgibbons used to run on our track.

— Reports have been brought here that a new gate has been erected where the old gate stood that replaced the still more antiquated stile. It seems that the new gate has sharp prongs sticking up at brief intervals, which makes it uncomfortable to sit upon. Whether or not this information is correct the students can not say. Guess why?

— The members of the Sorin reading-room association have asked to have their unpaid dues applied to the purchase of hammocks to be swung under the pine trees. It is very uncomfortable to have to sit on the grass with no other prop for the back than a four-leaved clover. It is also suggested to move the billiard table out of doors.

— Dr. William P. Grady, one of the coming luminaries in our medical department, was called to Walkerton last Tuesday to assist at a very delicate surgical operation. The young scientist proved a very valuable assistant to those conducting the operation, and will, no doubt, be among the foremost men at the operating table before many years.

— Hard work studying these days—eh, fellows? Sunshine and green grass to lie upon. The sporting columns chock full of baseball news, and a delicate south wind blowing in over the hedge fence; but, remember, studying is much easier than driving an ice-wagon. So lay to, and when you feel a bunch of *ennui* coming, whisper in your own ear: "I'd rather be a student than the ice-man."

— When our youngsters can play a professional league team to a stand-still it is a pretty sure sign that we have a good fast team. We split even with Fort Wayne in our series of games with them, and lost one game only after ten innings of hard work. Wisconsin failed to come because they had no pitcher that could face our heavy hitters. Captain Macdonald has a good crowd of players under his com-

mand, and will finish up the season with honors.

—Van Hee has been awakening more than local enthusiasm by his athletic abilities in Mishawaka. The entire town, including the city council, turned out to see him pole vault over a clothes line $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. Grabbing a clothe's pole, Van looked at the line somewhat dubiously while the inhabitants held their breath. Then he measured the distance, and with the pole held at an angle of 45° started for the line. Fair maidens closed their eyes and Van closed his. How the line was cleared Van does not know—but one of the maidens does. The council gave him a vote of thanks, and offered him all the privileges of citizenship in Mishawaka, but Van modestly declined.

—“Golfies” are extremely popular at Notre Dame. You see them everywhere you turn. The most sober-minded student wears them, and it is whispered about that John Byrne will shortly surprise the boys by appearing in a golf suit of the latest and most exquisite pattern. Vinnie Dwyer has been trying to discourage him, but Vinnie should not do that, for John is built especially for a golf suit, and we are sure that he will be the envy of the whole school. Wedock recently got the greenest pair of stockings in South Bend, and Shag took his drab golfies to the tailor-shop and had a button sewed on. Nash, for some reason or other, does not favor the trouserette, but he is only one among many.

—The Forty Hours' devotion was begun last Thursday morning in the College Church. As this is the season of special adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the devotion was begun with unusual ceremonies. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Fitte, with Father Moloney deacon, and Father Crumley subdeacon. The reverend celebrant spoke briefly on the nature of the devotion. He explained how it commemorates the forty hours during which the body of the Redeemer lay in the tomb, united to His divinity; and he reminded the students of the opportunity to express their love for the Most Blessed Sacrament by frequent visits to the church during the next three days. After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was borne through the church in solemn procession, in which students from all the halls of the University took part. It was then placed upon the altar, around which hundreds of candles were burning; then the Litany of the Saints was chanted. The devotion will end Sunday morning with Solemn High Mass.

—If the members of the Board of Editors were called upon to act as examiners at a neighboring cooking school next June, all the young ladies would be sure of graduating with honors. One day this week the scribes were pleasantly surprised by receiving a large cocoanut cake. The manuscripts were pushed

aside from the editors' table and the rising authors set to with little show of etiquette. There was no thought of the coming issue, and how many twists and jerks their long locks would need before the monotonous cry of “copy” would be hushed. The graduates' cake was before them and they were thinking of nothing more than paying their best attention to the question that was before the house. In order to show that there was no hard feeling they all turned out with the glad hand and reached toward the visitor with the friendliest courtesy. When there was nothing left but a few scattered crumbs, then the editors bethought themselves that a return compliment might not be out of place. We do not believe we can repay the young ladies in anyway such as the more grateful would wish. However, imaginations are being thoroughly aroused and it will not be surprising if a few clever little lyrics make their way into our columns in the near future.

—There is considerable disturbance down on the campus near the Manual Labor School every afternoon between the hours of three and four o'clock. About that time each day Sorinates—or those that can tell a baseball when they see one—gather around Eddie Yockey (of Escanaba), and suggest a game of baseball with the St. Joseph Hall men. Eddie is always willing to play baseball and be captain, and so he and the others go down to the campus, and then begins the excitement. Being unable to play all the positions at once, Eddie allows eight other men to play on his team, a concession not unappreciated by the aforesaid eight. In the game on Wednesday, Jake Kraus twirled the ball, and Eddie stationed himself behind the bat and got the ball after they would hit the back-stop. Shag held third base, caught a fly and whipped the umpire, and Fogarty wore a big glove and muffed all the balls that were thrown to first. Silver-tongued DuKomb and Tommy Hoban made two fouls apiece, and then went home to tell the folks about it. The other members of the team distinguished themselves in one way or another, and the rooters on the bleachers roared themselves hoarse, and then went to their rooms and spent the rest of the afternoon pouring water on the heads of their neighbors, who chanced to look of the windows.

—Since the appearance of our last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, which contained an account of the brilliant victory of our track team over Purdue, we have received numerous inquiries concerning the men that compose our team. The editor has been buried by hundreds of communications from fair maidens and famous athletes, until it has become somewhat annoying. We attempted at first to answer them as courteously as possible, but when they commenced to come from across the ocean, and the Prince of Wales wrote for information,

we found that we could never answer them all in person, so we have decided to publish a short biography of each man and send it out to our many readers. By this means we hope to have everybody learn something of their good qualities, and if they desire photographs they may write to the men themselves. They have hundreds of snap shots, taken in dress suits, running suits, golf trousers and platina panels. Some of the pictures were taken fifteen years ago at the start, and as each muscle developed, more photographs developed likewise. Baab, Schubert and Bouza have spoiled seventeen kodaks and have at last succeeded in producing good pictures of the men as they appear from day to day.

John Eggeman, shot-putter, hammer-thrower, high-jumper, mile-runner and manager:—Mr. Eggeman is a lanky youth about seven feet tall, four feet wide and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds and two ounces when in training. His first experience in athletics was in throwing bricks at his neighbor boy. In the war last summer he caught a sixteen-pound shot from admiral Cervera's flag-ship, and threw it four miles after the enemy. His record for the hammer-throw is two hundred feet, which distance he made by throwing the hammer from the top of the water work's stand-pipe in Fort Wayne and hitting a man on the head. If the man were not in the way, it would have gone more than five feet farther. He has posted a challenge to compete with Sweeney for the championship in high-jumping, and can run the mile in ten minutes flat. As manager he is a howling success, and will perhaps hold his position as head of the training table as long as there is anything to eat.

J. Fred Powers, Captain and rubber:—When Powers was seventeen years old he was sent out with a trunk full of family soap to advertise it. By washing his hands at every house to show the people how the soap worked, he learned to rub his hands together very dexterously with his eyes closed. His fame soon spread until we heard of him, and he was engaged to rub down Martin Herbert's left leg.

Joseph Duane, short sprinter:—Mr. Duane is a very fast man. He learned to run when a very small boy, because the fellow in the next house was a better fighter than he was. Aside from his sprinting ability, he is a handsome, dashing fellow and expects to run for president of the W. R. C. at its next meet.

William O'Brien is another short sprinter, and dates the origin of his fleetness of foot to the fact that the policemen in his district are very active. He ran his first race when Chief Kipley of the Chicago police force was still an ordinary patrol-man, and covered four blocks in seven seconds.

Martin Herbert, the discus thrower and hod-carrier is a born athlete. He measures six and a half feet from his head to his feet, and

almost the same distance back again. His beautiful form has been the chief attraction in many meets. He measures five feet from his hips to his ankles, and has a record of running with two hods at a time.

Martin O'Shaughnessy, pole vaulter:—This wonderful athlete has vaulted into conspicuousness during the past year. During last summer's vacation he was engaged in watching Haney's cows while they pastured on the roadside. He used a piece of gas-pipe for a shepherd's staff and amused himself by using this as a vaulting pole and jumping over the cows' backs at night while Mr. Haney was milking them. Some fellows that were getting a luncheon at the Hotel d' Haney one evening saw him perform this wonderful feat and brought him to Notre Dame, where he has worked his way to his present prominence.

Patrick Corcoran, rope-skipper and hoop-roller:—Mr. Corcoran learned to skip the rope one night while he was at Barnum's circus, and has followed that occupation ever since. He worked in a cooper's shop for two years, and while there used to roll hoops around the shop until he became very proficient at that game and defeated the famous Eddie Pulskamp in a two-mile handicap. His record is five revolutions of the whoop per second.

Michael Connor, clog dancer:—Mr. Connor is a highly accomplished terpsichorean artist. He travelled for several years with the famous Cherry sisters and did the song and dance in the Metropolitan opera-house at Bertrand before vast audiences. The chief feature of his work is that he never has any music at the performance except Joe Haley's Killophone.

Ralph Glynn, magician and mesmerist:—Mr. Glynn's chief merit lies in his ability to juggle three balls. He has been at this business for the past four years and has managed to provide a comfortable living for himself. He does not confine his performances to dual and triangular meets, but is ready to go to work whenever he gets a crowd of "rubes" together. He was the discoverer of the shell game, and holds a record of soaking twelve men in one day.

Arthur Hayes, half-mile walker and weary Willie:—Mr. Hayes is a great success at this work, and has travelled over pretty nearly every railroad in the country. He walked against time with Ragged Hotfoot and beat him out by two ties. Occasionally he wakes up and takes a short sprint whenever there are any bull-dogs in the vicinity where he is hunting for a hand-out.

John Engeldrum, trainer:—"Jack" is a very clever man at this task, as he worked for many years as chaperon. He uses a garden rake and rubber comb to rub the men down when they are warm. On ordinary occasions he uses a hoe or tooth-brush if the man has not exerted himself much.